

# Zion's Herald

# The Devil.

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**RANAVOLO.\***

BY REV. THOS. PEARL BRIGGS.

Queen of Madagascar,  
Thy worth we gladly own;  
Thy life of wondrous faith and prayer  
Shone brighter than thy crown.When thou wert crowned as queen,  
God's Word was by thy side,  
And on a canopy was seen  
These words which still abide,—"Glory to God on high,  
Good-will on earth to men!  
O God, my Ruler, ever nigh,  
Grant me a peaceful reign!"In public, openly,  
Thy Saviour thou didst own,  
And at His feet most willingly  
Lay down thy royal crown.The missions of our God  
A helper found thee,  
Foretold in God's own truthful Word,  
O nurse of liberty!Goodness in thee was seen  
In all thy works and ways,  
Leading the people, faithful Queen,  
To serve thy God with praise.Three hundred thousand men  
Their idols cast away,  
And quickly joined their noble queen  
In serving God for aye!The shackles fell from slaves,  
Good-will filled all the land  
Like ocean's irresistible waves  
By Ranavolo's hand!Where'er the truth is taught,  
Thy name shall sacred be—  
A name with holy men's names fraught  
In all that makes men free!A short but propitious reign  
God gave in love to thee;  
Thy daily prayer was not in vain  
For peace and liberty.We praise, O God, Thy name,  
For Afric's noblest queen,  
That this dark land of sin and shame  
Such love and truth hath seen!Haste, haste, O Christ, the time  
When rulers such as she  
Shall reign o'er ev'ry earthly clime  
For God and liberty!

Queen Ranavolo of Madagascar died July 18,

**BOMBAY, CALCUTTA, MADRAS.**

BY REV. JAMES MUDGE.

The English are pre-eminently town-builders and trade-compellers. The three great sea-port cities of India — Bombay, Calcutta, and Madras — are to-day the chief monuments of British rule in that country.

Madras, third in population, enterprise, and importance, was the first to be founded. Its date is 1639. Bombay came next, having been ceded to the British crown by Portugal in 1661 — an island with almost no inhabitants and containing the slightest possible prophecy of its future greatness. The year of Calcutta's beginning, under Job Charnock, is generally put at 1686, though it was not till ten years later that Fort William was erected and the infant settlement became somewhat secure.

The marvel about Madras is that it has grown to its present size — upwards of four hundred thousand — without having by nature the smallest semblance of a harbor. The ships lie in a perfectly open roadstead whence they are obliged to put to sea with all speed whenever the storm signals are hung out from the observatory; and the breaking waves dash high and strong on a straight, surf-beaten shore.

The Madras beach is indeed a grand one. I hardly know of its equal anywhere, certainly not in the vicinity of a large city. Its deficiencies from a commercial point of view, add greatly to its attractiveness as a place in which to commune with nature. There are no huge wharves, no massive buildings, no ships of any consequence to intercept the view or distract the mind. The shore runs in a straight line of hard sand for many miles. Here the waves beat ceaselessly, rearing and plunging with their crested fronts of green and white, and dashing themselves against the unyielding ground as if to force a

passage. Sheet after sheet of snowy foam is laid upon the sands. Billow after billow expends its strength for naught, and breaks its heart in the effort to reach higher up the strand than its fellow. Over nearly half the horizon the eye roams at will, filling itself with the boundless expanse. There is nothing to obstruct the vision or spoil the grand effect. There is a breadth to the prospect, a massiveness in the scene, rarely attained. Sea and sky blend into one. Air and water have all their own way and completely dominate the senses of the spectator. He yields himself to their spell, and does not soon tire of the thoughts and feelings which they awake within him.

Within the past few years a vigorous and costly attempt has been made to remedy the very evident deficiency of Madras as a port by creating an artificial harbor. A breakwater, formed by huge blocks of concrete and rubble stone closely compacted, has been run out 3,500 feet into the sea. The two arms of this structure, at their outermost extremities, bend at right angles and approach each other, enclosing a space of smooth water, nearly square, where a small number of the largest ships can find shelter. It has not yet fulfilled the hopes of its projectors, and there are grave doubts whether it ever will.

A cyclone last year knocked over, with very little ceremony and apparently no trouble at all, a large share of the more exposed portion of the work, and the harbor charges for the present very limited accommodations have been rendered so high by the great cost of the enterprise as to drive away a considerable part of the little commerce enjoyed before.

So the peculiar surf boats used for the landing of cargo are still seen lining the shore and attracting the attention of visitors. They are broad and deep, pointed at both ends, and fitted with poles across the top whereon sit the rowers. No iron whatever is used about them. They are made of mango wood, the boards of which are sewed strongly together with cocoon fibre and caulked with straw rope. This singular construction makes them very flexible, so that they ride the surges easily. They readily bend, but do not often break.

Quite different from these are the little catamarans which dot the waters in every direction. They are simply three or four logs tied together in such a way that one projects in front, and the two at the sides are a trifle higher than those between. It is a raft with a slight approach to the boat form, so as to assist in its propulsion through the water. It cannot sink, neither can it be kept dry. If a person has skill enough to stick on, and strength enough to force it along, he may find it very useful. It is employed chiefly by the fishermen.

There is not much else in Madras worthy of note. The common natives of the street — Tamil in race, a little shorter of stature and darker of complexion than the Aryans of the north — speak English much more generally than in any other city of India. The Eurasians are more numerous and hold a higher place. Here alone a Missionary College outranks in numbers, prestige, and success at the examinations all the government institutions. The Medical College here has distanced in liberality its fellows of Bengal and Bombay by being the first to open its doors to women, and Madras also has the most flourishing Bible and Tract Society. But the city as a whole is not very attractive or prosperous, and is not entirely undeserving of the epithet "benighted" which is sometimes applied to it. There are no horse-cars, no gas-lights, and few, if any, fine buildings.

Calcutta, on the other hand, has almost a monopoly of the jute mills, and is the great port, also, for tea and indigo. The wheat and opium trade is divided between these two rival cities. Calcutta — population about six hundred thousand — though it has nothing like the splendid natural harbor of Bombay, being indeed a hundred miles from the sea on a river whose channel is very difficult of navigation, formerly had about all the commerce, and still retains the pre-eminence in this respect, though Bombay, since the American war gave its cotton trade such a lift, and since the Suez Canal rendered it the nearest port to Europe, has made immense gains. Calcutta owes its

advantage of plenty of room, not being crowded in upon narrow streets, as is so often the case with city edifices, and so spoiled of half their effect.

The population approaches eight hundred thousand, giving this city a rank in the British Empire second only to London. It surpasses that great metropolis in the multiplicity of its races and religions and the vast variety in the personal appearance of the people. The different styles of head-covering noticeable in any large crowd there, and marking off an entirely distinct caste, or belief, or nationality, would reach well into the scores.

The most marked of these coverings would probably be the lofty, pyramidal black or white hat of the Parsees. These descendants of the old Persian fire-worshippers are a very interesting and most enterprising race. In his choice of names, among other things, the heathen Parsee is scarcely less peculiar than his more Oriental brother. Jamsetjee, Jejeebhoy, Cursetjee, Readymoney, Muncherjee Burjiji, Reheemooboy Allana, Chelabhai Huridas, Dinshar Davar, Bhawoosooso Khakeebhoy Pudumser, are a few out of many similar that may be seen on sign-boards and gate-posts by any passer through the streets of Bombay.

It is well known that these people are peculiar, also, in the manner of disposing of their dead. Their famous Towers of Silence, the outside of which we saw on the top of Malabar Hill (the most eligible site for residences in the whole city), scarcely fit one's ordinary idea of a tower, since the breadth or diameter is more than three times the height. They are circular whitened sepulchres, twenty-five feet high. A door near the top of the wall, reached by an inclined plane, admits the corpse to an inner platform, and there, after being stripped of its garments by the attendant priests, it is stripped of its flesh by the attendant vultures which can always be seen sitting round on the walls in solemn silence waiting to perform their ghastly office. As I came down the hill after my visit I met two funeral processions going up, and I could but feel that in one thing the Parsee custom is preferable to ours. Everything about the corpse and the mourners was pure white. They walked before and behind the bier, two by two, each couple connected by a handkerchief whose ends they held; this union is regarded as a help in keeping off the evil spirits which are supposed to hover about the dead.

Besides the eighty-nine Mohammedan mosques, and still more numerous Hindoo temples, there are reported to be thirty-three Parsee fire temples, but none of them are conspicuous. Nor are the Christian churches either numerous or noteworthy. Indeed, Bombay as a whole has not much reputation for religion, being too much absorbed in buying and selling and getting gain. The wealthy Parsee spends his money freely, where it will bring him in reputation; but it takes the direction of statues, and hospitals, and schools of art, and drinking fountains, rather than temples. And the view from any high point embraces very few spires or minarets, or other tokens of religious worship. The tall chimneys of the cotton mills, pouring forth smoke, stand out much more prominently; for Bombay takes a very decided lead in this industry, having more cotton mills than all the rest of India taken together, besides ranking second only to New Orleans as a cotton port.

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wealth and trade to the fact that it is the most convenient point for receiving and dispatching over seas the bountiful products of the valleys of the two great rivers, the Ganges and the Brahmaputra. Rangoon does the same for the valley of the Irrawaddy, and Kurrachee for the valley of the Indus. And of these five chief foreign ports Calcutta and Bombay are credited with eighty per cent. of the trade, while Madras has but six, Rangoon four, and Kurrachee two.

Calcutta is the capital, having the Government House and being the winter residence of the viceroy. This makes it the centre of thought and influence. What little of literary skill India possesses has its chief seat here. It is the place of publication of the principal papers, periodicals and books. It is progressive, originating the new movements in education and religion, and developing the greatest amount of important public opinion. It is the religious and intellectual, as well as the political, capital of the country. The largest colleges are here, and the largest body of educated men have come out from, and gathers about, the Calcutta University. Its monthly Missionary Conference is a power, and is the main representative and spokesman for the missionaries of India.

Its public buildings, though not equal to those of Bombay, are creditable, and its private residences are superior, so much so as to give it the name "city of palaces." In its splendid Botanical Garden it possesses the largest banyan tree in the world. It has a Cathedral and a Museum worth visiting, and many flourishing churches.

Madras! Bombay! Calcutta! Though differing in much, they agree in this, that their heathen multitudes are sadly in need of Gospel light and power. Oh, for more prayer, more money, and more men filled with the Holy Ghost to illuminate these dark places and make them centres of evangelization for the whole country! If they were once soundly converted, the provinces that look to them for leadership would not long delay.

**SALVATION IN A CIRCUS.**

BY REV. W. H. MEREDITH.

A Methodist Episcopalian in a circus usually means a violation of the Discipline, nor does the excuse of an American deacon on being found in a London theatre — "I'm having a few weeks to myself now" — help matters; but being in an English city where thousands nightly flock to the circus, we yielded to the temptation and went with the multitude. The city was Bristol; the circus, the great rendezvous of the Salvation Army.

The Army counts Bristol the scene of its greatest triumphs. To see its operations there, is to see them in any great English centre. Less than three years ago a small detachment came "to take Bristol" with its 250,000 inhabitants. Finding a very old and long-discarded circus building, owned by a brewer, they leased it, rudely patched it up so as to keep out the rain, and began the campaign there. The circus seats about 2,250, but on Sundays no less than 3,000 persons crowd into it.

On the second evening of our stay in the old city we went to the circus. Arriving about an hour before meeting time, we found at least two-hundred persons present, waiting for service to begin. Soon the two hundred increased to nearly two thousand, the regular every evening congregation. The Sunday morning prayer-meeting at 7 o'clock has about the same number, while the other three Sunday services are attended by a congregation which fills its utmost capacity, and counts nearly three thousand souls.

Let us look around. It is a circular wooden building. The ring is floored and seated and the rising galleries all around the building are filled with the roof with backless seats. Opposite the main entrance is a small platform with three chairs and a table upon it. This is the pulpit, or the officers' quarters, whence issue the words of command. Scattered all over the house, especially in the gallery behind the platform, are the soldiers, of both sexes. Many of them are in uniform, others are distinguished by

a silver badge on the breast, a "salvation bonnet" on the head, or a red salvation neckerchief around the neck. On the lower seats and nearest the Captain's stand are the "Hallelujah Lasses" with tambourines in their hands, which they beat and shake vigorously as they and the people sing, waiting for the regular services to commence. Presently a full brass band is heard approaching the building. Then in rushes a great crowd of people, when lo! the brass band also enters, led by the Captain and Lieutenant, and in a few moments the house is well filled with people — and noise. The band has been doing its mighty duty of leading about one thousand soldiers through the city streets singing as they go, halting here and there to exhort the pursuing crowd to come and follow Jesus.

The Captain, a lithe and really live man of about a hundred and thirty pounds avoirdupois, leaps upon the platform, seizes from the nearest "lass" a tambourine, beats upon it with his knuckles, then strikes it upon his knees, forehead and chin, shouts "Glory! Glory! Glory!" and the meeting has begun. He seems not to have a bone in his body. Soon he unbuttons his soldier's coat, takes off his collar and throws it upon the little table, and looks around as if now fully ready for the battle. His highly-strung nerves, pale face, and emaciated frame show him to be a living sacrifice fast burning out his life in a good cause.

Before describing the meeting, let us look around upon the congregation. Mostly they are the roughest specimens of humanity. The faces of both men and women are traced and furrowed with marks of vice. The men are known in the city as navvies, dog-fanciers, scavengers, drunkards, thieves, "outside-of-the-gate-ers." The women and girls are of the same class of the community. Near us sit about two hundred girls, with arms bare nearly to the shoulders, and washed tolerably clean as far up as the elbows, their heads bare, their hair shining with hair oil, their torn and dirty dresses covered all around with huge white (?) aprons. They are glue factory girls. One here and there has a badge or a neckerchief on to show that she is a convert and a soldier. On many a female face scarred by sin there seems to be a new light, a solar ray, gleaming through the skin, emanating from the "true Light" now shining within them. That their transfiguration has begun, is clearly evident. Certainly, in this circus are gathered specimens from the lowest stratum of the masses. We ask, "Where would the most of these people be if not here?" Certainly, in the public houses, i. e., rum holes, brothels, theatres, convivial rooms, dancing halls, or prisons of the city. We thank God they are in so good a place as this old circus, and pray that the Holy Spirit may descend to convict, convert, sanctify, and teach us. Such a congregation we never expect to see again.

But the service has begun, for the Captain is still beating with and beating upon his tambourine. Turning to the soldiers immediately behind the stand, he cries, "Fire a volley!" to which they all respond by shouting "Amen!" "Fire another!" Then "Amen!" "Glory!" "Hallelujah!" is heard from soldiers all over the house, brass band included. The next word of command is, "Out with your lutes!" and instantly hundreds of handkerchiefs are waved for wave offering. Those not possessing that useful article, wave their empty hands instead. "Ah," says the Captain, "some of you didn't have any handkerchiefs to wave before you came to Jesus." It was true. So they wave and shout and shake tambourines until the whole audience is wrought up to a high pitch of excitement. By this time the Captain has exchanged his tambourine for a cornet, which he lustily blows while the great crowd wave and shout.

Now follows a hymn with comments and questions on well nigh every line. Every soldier must obey his leader, and speak, or shout, or pray, or wave, whenever commanded to do so, whether he or she feels like it or not. A fundamental condition of the service is, obey your officers, the leaders of the meetings. Then follow brief prayers by leader and others, and songs from our "Gospel Hymns," Methodist Hymnal, and others written for the Army, with band accompaniments. Then the Captain opens a little Bible and says, "People find fault with us because we don't use the Bible in our meetings, so I'll read." He reads a few verses, with practical though unique comments, then calls for testimonies. Immediately fifty rise to speak; the testimonies are short and realistic. When the meeting is at its height, the collection is taken, and all are urged to "give as well as shout and sing and pray." Such monster deal boxes are passed around to receive the great English coppers! Then more songs, shouts, volleys, and wave offerings, after which the altar service begins. Now we feel at home. As the people crowd around the preacher's stand and kneel crying for mercy, we feel more as though we were on Hamilton camp-ground than in Bristol circus.

Night after night we there witnessed similar scenes. Those old walls which once rang with the buffoonery of painted clowns and the hollow laughter of "lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God," now nightly ring with the voice of Gospel invitation and warning, with the cries of penitent souls for mercy, and the shouts and songs of souls newly born into the kingdom of God.

The Captain, a lithe and really live man of about a hundred and thirty pounds avoirdupois, leaps upon the platform, seizes from the nearest "lass" a tambourine, beats upon it with his knuckles, then strikes it upon his knees, forehead and chin, shouts "Glory! Glory! Glory!" and the meeting has begun. He seems not to have a bone in his body. Soon he unbuttons his soldier's coat, takes off his collar and throws it upon the little table, and looks around as if now fully ready for the battle. His highly-strung nerves, pale face, and emaciated frame show him to be a living sacrifice fast burning out his life in a good cause.

Already the converts in the old circus are carefully numbered by thousands. Within a few days we have learned that the brewer of whom the building is leased refuses to extend the lease. Perhaps he feels as did the Hanley brewer concerning the Salvation Army and its work. He really said: "They say they are doing the work of God here in Hanley. I know this — they are playing the devil with my business." He only spoke for multitudes of English brewers and wine and spirit merchants whose business is being ruined by the Salvation and Blue Ribbon Armies.

If it be possible to get another paper past the careful eye of our kind editor, we will more briefly speak of the "Calf Tea Meeting" and "Jam Factory" services of the Salvation Army in Bristol, England, during our sojourn there.

**ATLANTIC HIGHLANDS, NEW JERSEY.**

BY GEO. LANSING TAYLOR.

Bluffs, beach, bay, ocean, fields, forest, cottages, camp-meeting, all in one view, all at once, all together! Isn't that enough? I have been here a week, and am just beginning to find out how much there is here, and what it is worth for study, enjoyment and improvement.

What is "Atlantic Highlands?" I'll tell you. The Navesink Highlands, on the New Jersey coast, at Sandy Hook, with over 100 light-houses on its lofty eastern bluff, is the last land to sink beneath the sea horizon as ships sail out to sea from New York. The irregular block of Highlands is about three miles long east and west, by about one to two miles wide north and south, between "Lower Bay" or Sandy Hook Bay on the north, and the broad estuary of Shrewsbury River on the south. On the west the Highlands drop down to a level plain country. Fifteen feet subside of this flat land would unite the waters of the two bays, and Navesink Highlands would be a lofty island, 250 feet high — as high as Staten Island, though much smaller.

"Atlantic Highlands" is a new religious sea-side resort whose location is on the north, or bay side, of Navesink Highlands, cutting off the west end of the Highlands, and also embracing a large tract of the lowlands lying back of the Highlands, and reaching from bay to bay, so as to control the neck by which the Highlands unite with the mainland. The upland part of the tract is as high as any of the Highlands, with as fine a bluff on its north face, and nobly forested. The lowland portion is rich farms under high cultivation. There are four hundred acres of upland and lowland, mainly the former, with a magnificent bay front of three-fourths of a mile, nearly all bluffs, from twenty to a hundred feet high. In front of this whole tract is a riparian right, lands under

water, of one hundred acres or more, smooth sand bottom, the loveliest bathing, boating and fishing in the world on the shores of the Lower Bay, which is twelve miles wide and long.

The long sand-spit of Sandy Hook lies between this bay and the ocean, which is about three miles away, in full view. Northward we behold the lofty masses of Staten Island and Brooklyn Heights, and between them the "Narrows" leading to New York harbor and city, twenty-one miles away. Northeastward lie the white light-houses and venerable holly forests of Sandy Hook, and beyond these the horizon for twenty miles is ablaze at night with the lines of fire made by the gaslights and electric lights of Coney Island and Rockaway Beach.

I have been driven by Prest. Lake — a trip I had longed for for years — all over this

## Miscellaneous.

REV. WILLIAM GRIFFITH.

BY REV. E. BARRASS, M. A.

The late mail from England brought intelligence of the demise of this distinguished minister, who was the last of an illustrious trio who were known through the length and breadth of the Wesleyan Connexion as Everett, Dunn and Griffith, who were expelled from the Wesleyan Conference in 1849 for their supposed connection (which proved to be correct) with the Fly-Sheet movement. For years the expelled ministers carried on a course of agitation by visiting all the cities and towns in England and holding public meetings at which they stated their grievances, and produced such a commotion as was never witnessed in that country during the present century. Several official members of the Wesleyan Church sympathized with them, and refused to contribute to the funds of the Wesleyan Church. The ministers of Conference brought them to trial, and hundreds were expelled. Thousands of members in turn followed the example of their leaders and also "stopped the supplies," for which they were either quietly dropped or expelled. The loss to the Wesleyan Church was about 100,000 members. The havoc which was thus produced was most appalling; churches were emptied, circuits were wrecked, and while many joined other churches, it is to be feared that many others became estranged from religion and went back to the beggarly elements of the world and were never restored to the fold of Christ.

After the agitation had ceased, Mr. Griffith settled in the city of Derby, and commenced preaching in the Town Hall until a church was erected for him. He remained pastor of this church until his death, for though he joined the Conference of the "United Methodist Free Church," he did so with the distinct understanding that he was not to be removed from Derby. Here for more than a quarter of a century he labored earnestly as a devoted minister of Jesus Christ, preaching the Gospel to large congregations. He was abundant in labors, and often went from home to various parts of the United Kingdom both to preach and advocate the claims of various benevolent societies.

Mr. Griffith was a staunch friend of liberty, and was always ready to espouse the cause of the down-trodden. He was a member of the Liberation Society, whose object is to secure the separation of the church from the State, and labored unceasingly in the advocacy of the Society's interests. He was a great torment to those whom he considered barriers in the way of human progress. The common people loved him dearly, as they knew he was their true friend and often spoke in their behalf when others for prudential reasons stood aloof.

Mr. Griffith entered the Wesleyan ministry in 1832, so that at the time of his death he had been in the ministry more than fifty years. He traveled several important circuits, but it was often thought that latterly he was not put in charge of such circuits as his talents entitled him to. But extreme conservatism prevailed in those days, so that it was not deemed prudent to allow one who was such an extreme radical to be placed in as prominent a position as he otherwise would have filled with credit.

The announcement of Mr. Griffith to preach or address a public meeting would call forth immense congregations. The writer has seen the largest public halls in England crowded to their utmost capacity when it was known that he was to be one of the speakers. In appearance he was a noble man, more than six feet in height and stout in proportion. As a speaker he was original and forceful; at times he would indulge in the most withering and biting sarcasm, still he was meek as a child and never was coarse or vulgar. Persons of refinement could always listen to him with pleasure and profit. He never indulged in clap-trap, but was as honest as the day. He was never ambitious of office; even after he joined the Free Church he would never consent to occupy the presidential chair. He preferred to be free from all official responsibility, and desired to be wholly employed in pulpit and platform duties in connection with the church.

Mr. Griffith was a member of the Ecumenical Conference in 1881, in which he was a prominent member. Many from this side the Atlantic who had long known him by reputation were desirous to see him, and whenever he spoke, his utterances commanded immediate attention. He was greatly pleased with that important gathering, and stated in one

of his speeches that "he was so delighted that he would have preferred to have walked all the way from Derby to London—one hundred and ten miles—rather than have been absent." Rev. George Osborn, D. D., president of the Wesleyan Conference, who presided at the opening of the Ecumenical Council, took a very active part in the proceedings which led to Mr. Griffith's expulsion from the Conference in 1849, so that they were old antagonists, and it is believed they never exchanged friendly words from that memorable time until they met in City Road Chapel. An eye-witness says: "We with many others looked with much interest on the spectacle of these two old antagonists meeting and cordially shaking hands." Time had mellowed their feelings, and they now loved as brethren. On one of the Sabbaths of the Ecumenical Council, Mr. Griffith occupied one of the London pulpits in which he used to preach during his early ministry.

Mr. Griffith was a grand man. He did much service for Christ and for humanity, and he was allowed to finish his course without much bodily pain. He knew his end had come, but he was not alarmed at the prospect. Death had no terrors for him. He died in great peace at the age of 77. Peace to his ashes!

Kleinburg, Ont., Aug. 7.

## A DAY OF BLACK BASS FISHING IN NEW HAMPSHIRE.

BY REV. M. V. B. KNOX, PH. D.

We decided at the last moment not to go home, but to stay over night and try them again next day. This determination was reached after fishing all day and capturing a string of eleven that weighed only seven pounds. But the day had been still, with a glaring sun, and all hoped for better weather for fishing the next day. So we sent word to the folks at home by Mr. Poland, who could not possibly stay another day, and then found a warm welcome at Rev. Mr. Taggart's, the pastor at Canaan.

Early the next morning we were up to go home, but to stay over night and try them again next day. This determination was reached after fishing all day and capturing a string of eleven that weighed only seven pounds. But the day had been still, with a glaring sun, and all hoped for better weather for fishing the next day. So we sent word to the folks at home by Mr. Poland, who could not possibly stay another day, and then found a warm welcome at Rev. Mr. Taggart's, the pastor at Canaan.

Finally, at six o'clock, Mr. Taggart, who was to carry us to the depot, went home to get his supper and bring his team to the boat landing, while we, indifferent to the needs of eating, were to fish for just one more. Pushing to the first point on the north side where we had not obtained a bite at all, we anchored near another boat. Dark clouds obscured the declining sun, so that a sombre hue was given to the water and landscape. The man near us got no bites, nor did we. Seven o'clock came, and we must quit fishing at half-past. Oh, if only just one would bite! Not exactly grim despair, but a state bordering on that, was getting possession of us. "There!" was suddenly forced out of me, as it struck, on feeling a tug at my rod. For an instant I thought my hook had dragged on the bottom, and I had only struck a rock, as I had done once before; but the swift cutting of the line through the water showed soon that I had one.

Springing to my feet, March seized the net and threw the poles we had hanging over the side of the boat with extra hooks on them one side, while I found I had my hands again quite full. He first made a deep-water lunge toward the middle of the lake, and with surprising velocity spun out ten or fifteen yards of the line. Then he made for the top of the regular bass leap and shake, but the right turn of the rod sent him back into the water not a whit relieved. Then first we saw his splendid proportions. "A four or five pounder!" Suddenly he changed his course, and running partially toward the boat, made me do my best with reel and rod to keep a taut line. He ran close under the stern, bringing the line under the poles thrown away from the side of the boat. I vainly endeavored to keep the rod clear of these, and the line from the boat; but my rod got tangled with the poles. March scrambled by me to give me the whole room at that end; the line became tightly caught in a button on the stern used for attaching a cord, and for a moment both of us were in despair. But I slung the poles out of the way, released the line from the button, and then the bass started for the shore. The reel hummed till he took out twenty yards or more of the line. To add to the danger of losing him, a screw became loose in the reel, so that the handle would catch at times. Then he cooled down, and I began reeling him in again.

By this time he could not leap out of the water. Another boat came up, and lying off at a safe distance, watched the battle. Though tired, the noble fellow by no means gave up. Again he made a turn toward the boat, and again it was lively work to keep him in hand. With lunge, and tack, and pull, and suik, he came nearer the bow of the boat, and I feared he might get into contact with the anchor rope. March again gave me the right of way and the poles were hustled out of the track, but he kept clear of the bow, and came to the side of the boat where he had first bitten. A vain attempt for the middle of the lake, a few more plunges, and I reeled him close in, the net was graciously placed under him, and he lay panting in the bottom of the boat. The scales showed his weight to be exactly four pounds. It was the largest bass I have ever captured. I had said when he was dying around, if we could save him I should be ready to go home.

So we were. Taking off our lines and putting up our rods, reels and poles, we went ashore, jumped into Mr. Taggart's buggy, and at nine o'clock were

then the question how to save both arose. They were at the side of the boat, and I told Mr. Marsh to net the second one as I lifted the now totally exhausted fish into the boat by the leader. Taking it in my fingers, and attempting to raise him as Mr. Marsh was about to net the second, to my horror the hold gave way and my fish dropped back into the water. The net was not yet under the second one, so I screamed to Mr. Marsh, "Net this one!" No sooner said than done. A quick change of the net under the fellow as he lay like a stick of wood a foot down in the water, and we had him in the boat. The second now made a few turns and plunges more, when he was again reeled to the side of the boat, and taken in the net.

Investigation showed that the first had been so hooked that his teeth gradually cut the thread by which the hook was wound to the sinew, so it only held by the least fragment as I tried to lift him into the boat. By use of my pocket scales the first was found to weigh two pounds and a half; the second two pounds and five ounces. In a late number of the *Century Magazine* there is a cut and description of a similar catch of two bass at the same time, though his were considerably smaller than mine. In that case, too, the man was on foot in a shallow river, while I was in a small skiff with two other men.

One or two more being taken, we decided we could relish dinner, and so went in.

After dinner we went again to the same ground. An admirable breeze, with dark clouds over the sun, made the time advantageous. We got a few black crickets on the way from the house to the lake, and found the bass bit these better than the grasshoppers used before. Three or four fair ones of a pound or more rewarded us; then we went to the south side of the pond, got a lot more crickets from an old field, and secured several more fine bass. Mr. Marsh had never been bass fishing before, and as he got one after another on his rod, saving some and losing others, as I did, he understood more of the right sport in such fishing. Only it almost broke his heart when a nice one would be hooked for a few moments and then escape. Poor Mr. Taggart sat like patience on a monument, with never a bite all day, but declared he found some compensation in putting the fish that the rest caught in the fish box behind him.

Finally, at six o'clock, Mr. Taggart, who was to carry us to the depot, went home to get his supper and bring his team to the boat landing, while we, indifferent to the needs of eating, were to fish for just one more. Pushing to the first point on the north side where we had not obtained a bite at all, we anchored near another boat. Dark clouds obscured the declining sun, so that a sombre hue was given to the water and landscape. The man near us got no bites, nor did we. Seven o'clock came, and we must quit fishing at half-past. Oh, if only just one would bite! Not exactly grim despair, but a state bordering on that, was getting possession of us. "There!" was suddenly forced out of me, as it struck, on feeling a tug at my rod. For an instant I thought my hook had dragged on the bottom, and I had only struck a rock, as I had done once before; but the swift cutting of the line through the water showed soon that I had one.

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home at Lebanon with seventeen bass that weighed twenty pounds, with a ravenous appetite, and ability to sleep that is a sound comfort now and then to the New England preacher.

## SUNDAY NEWSPAPERS.

BY REV. W. F. MALLALIEU, D. D.

Don't buy them, don't read them! The neglect and desecration of the Lord's day are one of the most alarming features of the present time. What with the almost universal railroad traffic, and Sunday excursions in summer time, there is great danger of completely secularizing the holy day. The manifest tendency is in the wrong direction. The masses of the people are tempted away from the house of worship, and they are led into open and deliberate violation of the fourth commandment.

There can be no question that one of the worst influences, antagonistic to the proper observance of Sunday, is the modern Sunday newspaper. They are to be found in nearly all the larger cities of the land, and they are nearly all alike in their character. It may be that there is in their columns now and then a semi-religious or moral selection, usually from the pen of some semi-sensationalist of the pulpit, some semi-individualist; but, then, more space is usually given to reports of dog-fights, and pugilistic encounters, and horse-races, and such like infamous proceedings. It is a well-known fact that these papers crowd their columns with accounts of theatrical performances, notices of actors and actresses, with detailed accounts of scandals, crimes, accidents, and all sorts of low, disgusting villainies that have come to light in all the length and breadth of the country. Of course there is something said about politics and foreign news and the markets, but the general tone of all these papers is exceedingly low. The publishers of these sheets are energetic, driving men, and they are bound to put their goods on the market, and hence these papers are hawked about on the streets by newsboys, kept at the news-stands, and sent by special trains all over the country.

In the first place the moral influence of these papers is thoroughly demoralizing, and the men who publish them know this, and yet they continue in their nefarious business simply because they get rich in this outrageous way. They are the enemies of society, inasmuch as they debase public morals and corrupt the minds of the people by their vicious publications. But what do they care for public morals if they can fill their coffers with their ill-gotten gains? They believe in the power of money, and they have the money, and so they break the Sabbath in a reckless, high-handed fashion, and are as careless of the consequences as was the drunken Emperor of Rome who kept on his fiduciary of the day.

People who buy and read Sunday newspapers, for the most part, are those who do not attend the worship of the house of God; and yet there are reasons to believe that these sheets find their way into the hands and homes of a good many Christian people. The man who rises late Sunday morning and has a late breakfast, and finds lying on his table a Sunday newspaper, will very likely spend the remnant of the forenoon in its perusal. He may do this even if he is a church member; he will be very likely to do it if he is not; and when the whole forenoon has been squandered in this way, it will be difficult to muster sufficient courage to go to church at all, for after dinner there must be a nap, and then a walk or a call or visit, and then the weariness which comes of inaction and over-eating must find relief in dozing away the evening hour. The modern Sunday newspaper is a moral nuisance; it is a debasing moral influence; it is the antagonist of the Bible, the house of God, the Sunday-school, the preaching of the Gospel, of every good influence and every Christian effort for the elevation and salvation of men; it is the special foe of the working man, for it breaks the Sabbath it the last object of love made another mound by the little ones! But he came to church this evening to make a missionary speech. Just before closing he took from his pocket a small wooden box. It was roughly covered with house paper. He held it up and shook it before the eyes of his audience. The tears were running fast down his cheek as he endeavored to utter these few sentences: "My dear hearers, you see this small box. A few days ago I was looking around, and in a trunk lying covered by the clothes of my lovely children whom God has taken to Himself, I found it. I then opened it, and learned that it contained about \$2 in small change. The whole thing soon came to my mind. At the close of the last missionary meeting my little son, about six years old, came and said to me, 'Father, if you will make me a box, I will try and get something for the missionaries next year.' I made the box, and never thought anything about it afterwards until I found it a short time ago. Now, my dear hearers, though my little boy is not present to night to present his offering, I am thankful his father can do it for him."

That proved a noble missionary speech. But that was a nobler boy, and to every one of my readers I will repeat what Jesus once said to a lawyer, "Go, and do thou likewise."

We take you now on board a small steamer owned by the Methodists of that circuit, and which they call the "Pioneer." Its keel is only thirty feet long, and its beam seven feet wide, but it steams along as many miles an hour as its beam is wide. The preachers in charge (there are two) are expected to know their business; so the senior acts as engineer and the junior as fireman.

We are landed on the wharf at Shoal Harbor, one of the headquarters of the mission, and we rest awhile at the parsonage. It is the evening of the annual missionary meeting. It is a great occasion for the preachers and people—the most enjoyable of the year. The men, women, and children begin to flock to the little chapel on its little hill of pride at an early hour, and it is filled to overflowing. Some of these have come a long distance—some to give speeches, and the others to listen and give "What!" screams some youthful reader.

"You don't say that those ignorant fishermen come to church to deliver speeches on mission work?" Yes, they do. You see the Wesleyan Methodist preachers have sense enough to utilize the talents of their lay members upon all such occasions, and they never lose anything by it either. Well, the meeting is opened by the pastor. Some rousing old missionary hymn is sung—perhaps "Jesus shall reign where'er the sun," or, "Greenland's icy mountains." Prayer is offered. The lay-chairman now calls on the first speaker on his list, and the hearers begin to brace up for an enjoyable time.

In the same place and on such an occasion did the incident occur which I will briefly relate. The speaker was a resident of the place—a man of considerable property, of deep, sound piety, but of no education. I question whether he professed to know all the letters in his alphabet. He was, however, educated in the furnace—a man who had seen affliction. Diphtheria had invaded his home that winter. One after another the bright forms vanished from his vision. Hardly had he sheltered one under the shadow of that little church before he was called to the same task by another, until some four little mounds lay abreast of each other. The mother, who with Christian patience and much tenderness had watched over these emblems of innocence ere the angels plucked them to adorn the "better country," at last succumbed to the rude disease. The husband and father's heart was now almost breaking. How that poor spirit groaned as the last object of love made another mound by the little ones! But he came to church this evening to make a missionary speech. Just before closing he took from his pocket a small wooden box. It was roughly covered with house paper. He held it up and shook it before the eyes of his audience. The tears were running fast down his cheek as he endeavored to utter these few sentences: "My dear hearers, you see this small box. A few days ago I was looking around, and in a trunk lying covered by the clothes of my lovely children whom God has taken to Himself, I found it. I then opened it, and learned that it contained about \$2 in small change. The whole thing soon came to my mind. At the close of the last missionary meeting my little son, about six years old, came and said to me, 'Father, if you will make me a box, I will try and get something for the missionaries next year.' I made the box, and never thought anything about it afterwards until I found it a short time ago. Now, my dear hearers, though my little boy is not present to night to present his offering, I am thankful his father can do it for him."

"First came buckberries. Nothing was said until he picked the last, then he brought us a quart—he had sold the rest! When the raspberries began to ripen, he told us he was selling them, but would bring us some; could not tell when these would be any if we came; but not a berry did we ever taste! When we went for peaches, he said, 'You may have what is on the ground for 25 cents a bushel—just the price they were at the stores. We declined with thanks.' There is plenty of fruit all around us, but with not \$200 paid since last March, how can we buy it?"

"Now, do not think it is our fault, for I suppose that seven out of every ten of our preachers in Kansas can tell the same story. Some report all paid at Conference by getting what they can and giving the balance; others swell the amount in every possible way, counting in every head of cabbage and pumpkin; others work outside in order to live. We have some whole-souled men who do nobly, but the most come here poor to get homes, and acquire such a habit of saving that when they have plenty they forget to give. One of our Sunday-school teachers this summer taught her class that when they had all that they needed for themselves they ought to give to others, and she practices what she teaches. Her husband is a merchant.

"Oh, how many times I try to devise ways and means by which to get a little money, but my hands are already full and my health poor. What can I do? But enough of this."

And now we lay aside our pen with the hope that some hearts may have been stirred to sympathy with pastors who are forced to live on meager salaries, their families deprived of many essentials to home comfort, to say nothing of luxuries, and their hearts burdened and depressed with many anxieties, while stingy and selfish as well as thoughtless church members have no experience of self-denial, nor the truth of the Saviour's words, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

At this we had an indignation meeting, at which No. 1 was present, and the result was a vote that said pastor's wife should have a box of plants and some seeds, for which the "dear people's" money should not pay. There being no "contrary vote," the package was duly sent, and with it an indignation protest against the people's claim of "our money," when the pastor received what was just as truly his own as that paid to the teacher for instruction, or the physician for medical treatment; and there was some scolding about the meanness of some parishioners who never paid up their "quarterage," prompt or in full, and those who did not deduct it from your assessment, I beg! Let your pastor's wife have her window full of bright flowers; she needs them far more than you, and never say of any of her little indulgences, "Bought with our money!" From the day that your pastor's salary becomes due, whether it be paid by weekly, monthly or quarterly installments, the money is his, and you have no right to retain it in your pocket or in the treasury beyond that time. Prompt payments, frequent payments, full payments, would save a vast deal of worry to your minister, and he could give you far better sermons. This leaving the "heft" of the salary to be paid "somehow" at the end of the year makes hard work all round, and then, it is not honest!

Pay your "quarterage" promptly in cash, and let your pastor make his own purchases. Contribute of your orchard, your garden, and your dairy, and don't deduct it from your assessment, I



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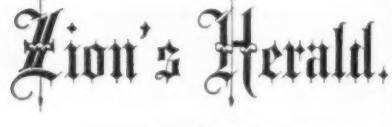
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[ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE, BOSTON,  
MASS., AS SECOND CLASS MATTER.]



WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 5, 1883.

People whose tempers are sour and sullen sometimes deceive themselves by giving their troublesome disposition the amiable name of low spirits. They say, "We are very nervous and depressed to-day," when in truth they are very cross and fretful. Better far both for themselves and others, would they occupy themselves "with things, not self." Better still if to such useful, unselfish occupation they would add the prayer of faith for the grace of cheerful patience!

The "prayer test" proposed by a distinguished scientist some time ago finds its analogue in a Namaqua who, shortly after the opening of the Wesleyan Mission among his people in Africa by Barnabas Shaw, lost his master's horses. Said he, "I have heard that there is a God, and that if people pray to Him He will answer them. I will try Him, and if I find the horses, I will believe." Thus it appears that the idea of a "prayer test" is not so much a scientific conception as an evil thought arising out of those hidden depths of selfishness and unbelief which make man's heart a soul fruitful of manifold "evil thoughts," whether he be a learned scientist or an unlearned barbarian.

"My thoughts are not according to Christ—Christ does not terrify, He consoles." Thus spoke Dr. Staupitz to Luther when the latter stood before the "host" in the holy sacrament and trembled because he superstitiously believed it to be the body of Christ. He was actually afraid of Jesus. Luther's harsh training had inclined him to fear rather than to love Christ. Staupitz gave him the key-note of a true life when he said, "Christ does not terrify, He consoles"—a pithy remark based on the sweet truth that "God sent not His Son into the world to condemn the world, but that the world through Him might be saved." This consolation indeed to every seeker of eternal life; but he who finally rejects Christ as a Saviour will be compelled to face Him as a judge in the last day. Then, instead of saying, "Come unto Me," as He does now, He will say to His rejecter, "Depart from Me!" To-day He consoles; in that day He will terrify His enemies.

Christianity is from God. This is demonstrated in the fact that it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth. What demonstration we have of this truth in the experiences of thousands upon thousands in every condition of life! What wonderful changes it has wrought in the hearts and lives of men! Once the greatest sinners, now the most pure, devoted, consistent Christians. What triumphs of grace do the records of Christianity contain, and how have these triumphs thrilled and inspired the hearts of the vast multitudes on their way to the heavenly Zion! What blessings have followed the record of grace as illustrated in the life and death of the "Dairymen's Daughter!" Thomas Olliver said he believed he was the wickedest man that ever lived, but under a sermon by George Whitefield he was awakened and soon converted, and became a flaming herald of salvation in the great Wesleyan revival under Wesley; he became Mr. Wesley's literary editor for some twelve years, and wrote that immortal hymn commencing, "The God of Abram praise." Surely, Christianity is from God!

There are disciples who, instead of calmly committing their affairs to God's direction, seek to direct Him. Forming independent judgments of what is best for them, they ask Him to give them just those things and no others. Such meddlesome prayer has its roots in a dictatorial, unsubmitting will. This disposition was well reproved by an ancient preacher in a parable of two hermits who each planted an olive tree near his own cave. One of those trees lived; the other died. One day the owner of the dead tree, seeing the living one in front of his brother's cave, asked, "How came that goodly plant there?" His brother replied, "I planted it, and God blessed it, and it grew." "Ah, brother," rejoined the first hermit, "I too planted an olive, and when I thought it wanted water I

asked God to give it rain, and the rain came; when I thought it needed sun, I asked, and the sun shone; and when I deemed that it needed strengthening, I prayed and the frost came—God gave me all I demanded for my tree as I saw fit, yet it is dead." "And I, brother," said his friend, "left my tree to God's hand, for He knew what it wanted better than I." Let this latter hermit be teacher to him who seeks to direct instead of trusting his Heavenly Father. Having done all that seems requisite on his own part, let him commit all his affairs to God's guidance, convinced that Heaven knows all his needs and will manage for him infinitely better than he can manage for himself. It is God's part to lead, and the disciple's to submitively follow.

## SARATOGA.

Full as Saratoga is this month (and it has rarely ever been so crowded), one can secure for himself the most profound quiet here, if he desires it, and more opportunities for choice social, intellectual and religious enjoyment than in any other watering-place in the land. And this is in addition to these wonderful, health-inspiring springs, bubbling up along the valley, on both sides of which the beautiful town is situated. Broadway is a Vanity Fair, indeed, during August. This broad, embowered street, during certain hours, is filled with every conceivable variety of carriage, from the most grotesque and mean to a chariot that an emperor might be proud to occupy. Tally-ho coaches with six horses, their roofs covered with passengers, start off with the sound of the horn, familiar enough to those whose memory goes back a half century, at regular hours, for the lake. Covered teams, plain and democratic enough, without number, are constantly running to the very popular (and most deservedly so) Vichy Spring, and to many other attractive points. Thousands of handsomely-dressed women, and more of the other sex, float along the streets; but the amazing scene is that presented in the halls, and on the piazzas and grounds, of the Grand Union. The population of a very considerable city, but a remarkably mobile one, dwells under its acres of roofs, and is daily fed in its immense dining-rooms. It is indeed a crowd of the people. The very rich and the moderately poor meet together. Diamonds flash upon you, and priceless robes float by you, while very modest dresses look all the plainer by their side. Alabaster arms and necks, with painted faces and eyes (the latter a novelty to us), look all the whiter beside the dark brown West Indians, many of whom are guests here. Dudes and dandies; polished clergymen and clowns; leaders of the Democratic party of the State (a session of the State committee gathering here), easily distinguished by "marks in the body;" young married people, also easily discriminated; capped nursery maids without number, and scores of beautiful, rollicking children; men who have come to the races, and men who come to rest; stock-brokers and merchants—a pretty fair representation of about every species of American character and life—can be met morning or night crowding all the open spaces of this immense hostelry. The large company at the United States is somewhat more select than the others; that of Congress Hall less so; but fine large hotels of more moderate dimensions, with limited numbers, are scattered all along Broadway and in other parts of the city. Besides these, there are numerous boarding-houses at comparatively cheap rates, and nearly every other house in Saratoga, during the season, is open for guests.

In these great caravansaries there is little opportunity for repose or mental refreshment. Life is as rapid (and more exciting) as in the busy city. But just away from the thronged street are silent and restful homes, embowered in vines, as can be desired. All this quiet can be secured, with other rare advantages, in such delightful boarding-houses as that of the Drs. Strong. On high ground, on one of the finest streets in the city, away from the bustle of Broadway, but near enough to the springs to be reached in a pleasant walk of five minutes, embowered in noble trees, the popular Medical Institute of these experienced physicians is readily reached. Probably invalids are always to be found in some of its rooms; but the institution has no outward appearance of what it doubtless is to many—a healing Bethesda. It seems like a beautiful home with a somewhat overgrown, but well-harmonized and affectionate family. Many of its patrons, like Dr. Cuyler, Gov. Wells of Washington, and Judge Reynolds, are annual visitors, and become much attached both to the place and to each other. All are not saints that gather under its roof, but all feel, and seem to enjoy, the delightful religious atmosphere which settles down upon the parlors during the daily morning and the Sabbath evening services of song and prayer. Many a weary

heart has felt what was beautifully expressed after the devotions one morning, by a French lady, the wife of a Protestant clergyman in France, who remarked, as she came from the room, "That prayer soothed me."

The evenings are varied, not with "hops" and dress parades, but with attractive concerts and lectures. Mrs. Bentley, a fine choir singer of Albany, whose voice for weeks was a leading element and charm in the morning devotions, was given a complimentary reception one evening during our late visit, in which she was aided by able musicians, singers, and fine recitations from a well-trained reader; and a rare evening's entertainment was afforded by Dr. Cuyler, in a reminiscent lecture upon Daniel Webster, Washington Irving, and Abraham Lincoln, and by Gov. Wells upon the incidents attending the death of the latter.

Our visit was made specially grateful by the presence of Dr. Charles H. Payne, president of Ohio Wesleyan University, who rarely fails of an annual return to the Springs, and whose labors in the Methodist pulpit in town are always welcomed. We also found here Rev. Dr. Kelley, the esteemed and able pastor of St. John's, Brooklyn, the author of the charming sketch of Dr. Dashiell in the last *Quarterly*. Our Rev. S. F. Jones, the polished preacher of Tremont Street, with his wife and family relatives, tarried with us only too short a time. In town, although he stopped half way between the railroad station and the hill, at the Vermont House, where also boards our brother, John G. Cary, secretary of Wesleyan Association, we found our ever young, but always estimable college mate, Dr. R. S. Rust, with his devoted wife, seeking a few days' rest from incessant service. Rev. Dr. John E. Cookman, of Brooklyn, was also in Saratoga—a guest with Dr. Hamilton. Every day as we walk the streets, every morning, especially, as we go for the anti-breakfast potatoes at the universally popular Hathorn Springs, we were sure to fall unexpectedly, but most gratefully, upon some friend from different parts of the country. This morning, for instance, when should we meet at the Grand Union but our excellent brother, of Webster, Mass., so well known in Methodism and in State political circles, Mr. C. C. Corbin, and his accomplished wife. You visit your friends, read the morning New York newspaper, sitting upon a broad piazza, in the enjoyment of the most exquisite music.

With all this crowd, the Sabbath is a refreshing and worshipful day to such as love the habitation of God's house. Tens of thousands do not attend church, but pay the deference of decent behavior to its sacred hours. The best preaching in the country can be heard here in these summer months. If one is not profoundly loyal to his denomination, he has every opportunity to enjoy a wide variety in pulpit services. The Methodist Church is eminently catholic in the occupants of its desk. Last Sabbath Rev. J. C. Price, principal of a seminary at Salisbury, N. C., of the Zion Methodist Church, a delegate to the late Ecumenical Council, whose platform and pulpit efforts produced a great impression in London, preached in the morning. His subject was the claim of his brethren of color to an adequate education. His text was remarkably felicitous, as was his use of it to introduce his theme, and his discourse was chaste, impressive, well-delivered and marked by a persuasive eloquence. In the evening Dr. Herrick Johnson, of Chicago, gave one of his sententious, picturesque, and powerful portraits of the apostle Peter. The marked occasion of the day was the dedication of the Congregational chapel by Joseph Cook. The audience-room, admitting only six hundred, was filled by tickets. Many were disappointed by entrance. Mr. Cook preached a powerful discourse, protesting against an emasculated orthodoxy, and setting forth the foundations in Scripture and reason of the doctrines of grace as received by the fathers. An able lawyer, whose services are retained by the Government at Washington, said the discourse was the most closely logical, the most unanswerable and powerful apology for evangelical truth, to which he had ever been permitted to listen. Dr. and Mrs. Cook were guests of the Drs. Strong. The former hurried away to deliver his addresses at Chautauqua; the latter remained to charm all the ladies by her sweet spirit and Christian courtesies, and to delight them with a lecture upon her Oriental travels, and the condition of woman in India. Dr. Cuyler preached on the same day in the Presbyterian Church, so that there was an "embarrassment of riches." Great good is accomplished on these Sabbaths in Saratoga. Hundreds hear the Gospel here upon whose ears it does not fall during the rest of the year. Signal instances of

remarkable conversions have occurred in past years.

On Monday there is a remarkable ministers' meeting held in the boarding-house adjoining Dr. Strong's. Some sixty or seventy clergymen of various denominations gather together here. The subject last Monday was the "Most Effectual Way to Preach." It was opened by a clear, ringing, comprehensive paper by Dr. Spear, of the *Independent*, and was followed by a dozen others—two colored ministers among the number. Nothing very novel was said, but the nature, and object, the best modes and difficulties of pulpit preparation and discourse were set forth and illustrated in an interesting and impressive manner. Sometimes these discussions, which cover almost all the theological and reformatory questions of the day, led by the foremost ministers in this country, are very interesting and instructive.

Thus Saratoga has its abundant counter-irritants to all its elements of worldliness and wickedness. Each person emphatically goes "to his own place" here. Piety tends to open sanctuaries; practical atheism to sensual sports and to perilous games of chance. Heaven and hell are not far apart in Saratoga, but there is a great gulf between them! There is no place on earth where professed Christians are placed under greater responsibilities. They become the Word of God made flesh, dwelling among men who will read them, but not the letter of truth. There are sweet and simple saints here, thank God! who can live in the world without being of it, and spread through it wherever they go a powerful and heavenly leaven.

## GERMAN EMIGRATION TO THE ORIENT.

Prominent German statesmen are quite busy in the endeavor to turn the tide of emigration from their country towards the Orient, in, we think, the vain hope of being able there to continue a control and guardianship over their people which they cannot maintain in this country.

The German journals are just now discussing this question with much zeal on account of a report received from a German agriculturist and economist now in the service of the Sultan, who seems quite inclined to believe that a large emigration might find a favorable field in Asia Minor. It is therefore in order to examine the pros and cons of the matter with a degree of seriousness not hitherto awarded to it.

There is no doubt, for instance,

as far as the Holy Land is concerned, that a desirable and thrifty German emigration with a view to a permanent settlement, would be a great blessing to the land and a gratification to the Christian spirit throughout the world, that must ever sympathize with any effort to wrest the home of our risen Lord from the base and futile hands that now possess it. Indeed, the only ventures in this line that have been passably successful are the few German colonies now in Palestine under the patronage of the so-called "Temple Friends" of Southern Wurtemberg. Could tens of thousands with the same religious zeal join them, willing to submit to their privations and live contentedly on their hopes, we think the question of the regeneration of Palestine would be settled.

It is certainly true that the soil of Turkey is capable of sustaining a much greater population than it now does, and agriculture might be pursued in some parts of Turkey with quite as great a profit as in the favored parts of Germany. This is mainly the case in northern Syria and along the upper Euphrates. Here there is a healthy atmosphere, and comparative freedom from the devouring locusts, and less danger from that great calamity to the Eastern husbandman, namely, the drought. So far, then, as soil and climate are concerned, the enterprise is a sensible one.

But a new settlement requires more than these in the Orient. Little can be done without a just and equitable government. The depopulation of the country and the present barrenness of the soil are largely owing to the miserable Turkish rule. An able lawyer, whose services are retained by the Government at Washington, said the discourse was the most closely logical, the most unanswerable and powerful apology for evangelical truth, to which he had ever been permitted to listen. Dr. and Mrs. Cook were guests of the Drs. Strong. The former hurried away to deliver his addresses at Chautauqua; the latter remained to charm all the ladies by her sweet spirit and Christian courtesies, and to delight them with a lecture upon her Oriental travels, and the condition of woman in India. Dr. Cuyler preached on the same day in the Presbyterian Church, so that there was an "embarrassment of riches." Great good is accomplished on these Sabbaths in Saratoga. Hundreds hear the Gospel here upon whose ears it does not fall during the rest of the year. Signal instances of

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a strong colony under protection of the mother country. This is just what the German government would like—to form a state within a state. If 20,000 men could be sent as a vanguard, to be increased gradually to 200,000 or more, there would be ample force for self-protection and administration. But this Turkish government would oppose bitterly, because it would see the natural outcome in rebellion and independence. Small bodies of Germans in certain sections coming with a view to establish some special industry, such as the cultivation of the grape or the culture of silk, have been permitted, but the Sultan and the people vigorously combat anything like a colony that might eventually, under the protection of the home-land, become a dangerous force.

Years ago the Porte laid down the edict that no foreigners could come and settle on Turkish lands without

equal attractiveness; and all for a dollar. Surely, no mission school need be without good reading.

The *Northern Christian Advocate* differs with Dr. Buckley in its opinion of what Zion's HERALD said about Dr. Newman and the Metropolitan Church, Washington, and justice to opinion by facts. We have others from equally conspicuous persons whose judgment carries great weight.

Rev. Dr. Bolton has prepared a neat and excellent compilation of the hymns and sacred songs most familiarly sung in our social meetings, and published it in paper covers at only ten cents. The little manual proved a great favorite at the late camp-meetings, and is very useful for the prayer-meeting.

The *Evening Gazette* of Pittston, Pa., has given very graphic and interesting reports of the Wyoming camp-meeting, just closed. They were prepared by young Mr. Everett Scott, son of Rev. O. W. Scott, pastor of the West Pittston M. E. Church. We congratulate our young friend upon his early success with the reportorial pen.

We have read with pleasure the printed essay of Rev. Ward W. Hunt, signed "An Old Methodist," giving his "Reasons for Removing the Rule which Limits the Pastoral Term to Three Years." These are presented in a very calm and sensible form, and are certainly very forcible. The tract was prepared for the last General Conference, and will be equally pertinent for its successor.

The very instructive and able centennial oration, by Rev. Geo. R. Crooks, LL. D., "The History of a Hundred Years of Dickinson College," has been published in a pamphlet form. It greatly interested the large audience which listened to its first utterance, and now it will equally attract and hold the attention of the wider congregation which it will reach. President McCauley acted as an antidote to the rebellious

spirit of certain populations under Turkish rule; but as a principle the Turk deals not in sentimentality and has no confidence in a Christian of whatever shade or pretense.

Under these circumstances, it is doubtful whether German emigrants ought to be encouraged to emigrate to Asia Minor, and still more doubtful, with all encouragement that the government might be able or inclined to give, whether emigrants could be induced to venture on such an enterprise. It certainly could not be undertaken in good faith on both sides, for Germans would not go intending to submit long to the rule of the Turk, nor would the latter willingly release the control over all who come, except by superior force. It would be a blessing to the world could the Germans succeed by diplomacy or force in getting possession of all this portion of the Orient, including the Holy Land, and thus solve the problem of the future regarding them; and we bid the few forerunners in this good work Godspeed! We see, however, a still greater obstacle in the way than even the Turks; it is the personal will and inclination of the emigrants themselves. Westward they continue to wear their way toward the new world. All the coaxing or the coaxing of the government in Germany have but little effect. The Germans emigrate as individuals, and not as masses, and therefore ask neither government aid nor protection.

## BRIEF MENTION.

All hail to young America, returned from vacation sports to the hard work of the school-room! We heartily welcome back your happy presence and voices as you thong the streets once more. A little dusty and musty the school-room will seem at first, but soon everything will go smoothly again, and the "hill of science," like the "hill of Zion," will yield to you "a thousand rich per-

fections."

It is significantly intimated in certain quarters that the temperance question is not to be an issue in the coming election, and names of candidates are mentioned for the Republican party who will receive the favorable consideration of the liquor-leaders. The party has tested the forbearance of temperance men to the utmost limit. Any attempt however offensive the opposing candidate, to a large portion of the Republican party, will certainly be followed by such a hegira as has never been witnessed here before. There is something worse than to have Benjamin Butler as governor, or to have the Republican party defeated, and that is to have ram rampant with all its inexpressible evils and miseries.

Among the mottoes ornamenting the walls of the Academy of Music in Rochester, N. Y., preparing it for the Free Thinkers' Convention, held last week, is this: "Inidelity is liberty; all religion is slavery." Tens of thousands of men, emancipated from the bondage of sin, have cried out in their blissful freedom, "Whom the Son maketh free is free indeed!" Inidelity is license, not liberty; true religion is the broadest liberty to do right.

The Fernley Lecture—a Wesleyan four-day delivered at the session of the late Conference in Hull, was this year given by Rev. William Arthur. His voice, however, failed him, but his discourse was read by Rev. Dr. T. B. Stephenson. His theme was, "The Difference Between Physical and Moral Laws." It was treated with marked ability, and was well received.

Who will say that the beloved and devout Queen of Madagascar, Ranavolo, has not died of anxiety occasioned by the unchristian attack upon her people and realm by the French forces? From her coronation, when she placed the Bible by the side of her crown, until her death, she has been an excellent sovereign for her country and a devoted Christian disciple. The French will be sorry to learn of her death from the attack upon Madagascar. The Christian world will look with much solicitude toward the successor to the island throne.

Mr. Geo. A. Sparks, 48 Bible House, New York, has commenced the publication, in quarterly form, royal octavo, of the sermons of Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D. D.—the most picturesque preacher in the land. Two numbers

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Rev. John L. Smith, of the Northwest Indiana Conference, who has, heretofore, been emphatically interested in the question of the adequate support of worn-out preachers, their widows and orphans, publishes a pamphlet setting forth at large their claim, and the legislation of the church up to the present time in their behalf. He proposes that they shall be placed by the Discipline in the same position as presiding elders and bishops, and share *pro rata* with the pastors in the salaries received for the support of the preaching of the Gospel. This question is ably argued in his instructive tract. A prayer to this effect to the next General Conference is embodied in the pamphlet.

A report to the managers of the British Museum, Dr. Ginsburg declares that the Shapira manuscript of portions of Deuteronomy, about which the papers of late have had so much discussion, is a forgery. Some persons have pointed out the striking significance of the name of the holder of these apparently venerable skins with their Hebrew inscriptions. A little change in the relation of one letter gives the name of the never-to-be-forgotten wife of Ananias, who is painfully connected with the Greek Scriptures of the New Testament by an act of lying!

If we had yielded to any doubt as to the literal truth of the statement in the Pentateuch about the size of the clusters of grapes found by the Hebrews in their visit to the "Promised Land," and brought back by them on their way to the camp of Israel on the edge of the desert, all doubt would have been removed by the bunches of this luscious fruit received from the conservatory of Mr. John S. Farlow, of Newton. One bunch weighed three pounds, and another (white) two. The fruit was of the size of plums, and they were as luscious as they were large. Possibly the vines may have sprung from some of the seeds of Canaan!

We are not advocates of Sunday camp-meetings. We do not believe in encouraging evil that good may come, but, certainly, there was nothing in the appearance of the grounds or company at Hamilton during the Sabbath of the late meeting, that could, with the broadest license, justify such an item as appears in the last *Christian Leader*:

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ical in its opening, and this portion will awaken much interest among readers who have only known Dr. Buckley in his later years. The Doctor pictures, with a vivid pencil, the evil, social, and moral changes of the past quarter of a century, and refers particularly to the relation of these movements to the religious condition of the churches, especially of our own. The sermon is an excellent and very suggestive tract for the times.

A correspondent of the *Christian World* (London), writing about a late visit in Germany, and speaking of the University at Halle, to which the destructive Biblical critic, Wellhausen, was last year removed and given the chair of philosophy, says he (Wellhausen) still continues his discussions upon the Old Testament, lecturing upon Isaiah and Jerome, in the presence of only seven or eight students, while the learned and orthodox Delitzsch, the neighboring University of Leipzig, addresses nearly two hundred. So popular or neglected is the former, that the winter round it difficult to discover the hall where he meets his students. Rather discouraging this for the destructionists!

— Absence from the office prevented our notice in time of a pleasant "surprise" to which we were invited, in Ward, Delaware County, Pa. It was happily arranged in commemoration of the twentieth anniversary of the marriage of Prof. Benjamin F. and Mrs. Sarah S. Leggett. We heartily bear to the esteemed couple our congratulations. Long may the Professor live, with his heart warmed by pure domestic love, to interpose his generation the inspiration of the Muses!

— L. S. Hopkins, Ph. D., of Emory College, Oxford, Ga., has published at their request an address delivered before the alumni of that institution upon "Industrial Education," with a statement and plea for the means of introducing technical education in that college. The subject is ably and persuasively discussed, and we hope the fruit of it will early be seen in the provision of means for such needed training in this vigorous Southern institution.

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speak of his kindly manner, of his open ear to the approach of the humblest, of his spirit of justice toward all. Such testimony is better than a monument of marble, especially in these days when labor and capital, employer and workmen, are standing in such antagonistic relations to each other. His afflicted widow and children have the sincere sympathy of the community.

The remarkable feature about the springs at Saratoga is their wonderfully different constituents, and the varied proportions in which the several medicinal elements enter into the waters. Some of the springs are powerful cathartics, like the Hæthorn, the Congress, and the Empire. Others are tonic like the Columbian, and sedative like the Washington. The favorite after-meal spring at Saratoga, and the most popular table water bottled for sale throughout the country, is the Vichy. It has in its composition a large proportion of bicarbonate of soda and of magnesia. For slow digestion and an acid stomach no preparation has been found to be more effectual. "We know how this is ourselves!" It is a very pleasant drink besides, having little of the stringent harshness of some of the other waters. It has become very popular all over the country, and is found on draft in all the principal cities. As it can be compounded more cheaply than if brought from the springs, we have much manufactured Vichy; but by purchasing directly from the office of the company (Saratoga Vichy Spring Co.), of which Charles D. Thurber, esq., is superintendent, the pure water from the spring, as mingled by a divine chemist, can always be obtained.

— Two somewhat remarkable, partially autobiographical, memoirs of eminent New York citizens have lately been issued from the press — the lives of John A. Dix and of Thurlow Weed, two men widely different in character and culture, but both conspicuous in their chosen spheres, making themselves felt in State and national politics, genuine men and patriots, leaving a strong impression of their individual personalities behind them. Thurlow Weed was emphatically a man of the people, and a fine product of our democratic institutions. With limited education and an insatiable desire for knowledge, with unquenchable hope and perseverance, aided by fortuitous circumstances, he came to be one of the most noted of the political prophets and organizers of his day. His personal abstinence from public offices gave him all the more power in his very successful efforts to secure the election of his party candidates in State and Federal offices. Behind all this outward movement was the inward life of an honest, earnest, diligent and successful man. His business — printer and editor — was itself an education, and his connection, from a very early period, with the politics of the day, broadened his views and prepared him for the prominent place he afterward secured and held for so many years in connection with Mr. Greeley and Gov. Seward, and the leading politicians of his times. His reportorial training happily fitted him for his auto-biographical work, which fortunately was entered upon before his physical or mental strength had abated, and for which his retirement from active business afforded him ample opportunity. The book has a singular fascination about it. Its style is perfectly plain, but it is constantly lighted up by amusing incidents and varied by collateral history. Mr. Weed's memory was something remarkable, and his own newspaper files offered constant resources for the verification of facts. Political intrigues and elections took on much the same character a half century since, as now. The story of those days, as graphically told by one of the chief actors in them, bears a very familiar color. A few men led the masses then as verily as they are supposed to do now. Mr. Weed brings his personal reminiscences down to the opening of the great civil war. A second volume from the hand of his daughter, Miss Harriet A. Weed, who has very judiciously edited this, will give the public estimation of her father and bring his life down to its close. The marked religious interest of his later days, greatly quickened by the public ministrations of Mr. Moody, for whom he formed a high estimation — even visiting New Haven during his labors there to give him the aid of his countenance and to hear personal testimony to the grace of the Gospel he preached — will be illustrated by touching incidents, by testimonies from his own hand — like the memorable answer in the *New York Herald* to Ingoldsby — and by the affecting tribute of his family clergymen. Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. have issued the first volume of this interesting work in a beautiful form, making a thick octavo of 657 pages, illustrated with seven steel portraits — two of Mr. Weed, and of President Adams, of William Morgan, the martyr of anti-Masonry, Gov. Seward, and Presidents Harrison and Taylor. The work when completed will be a notable contribution to the history of the first century of the Republic.

— Sherburne Falls. — Rev. F. S. Rogers has been ordered to stop ministerial work for the present by his physician, on account of heart difficulties. He is very popular in his society and the village, and needs the warm sympathy and earnest prayers of his brethren.

— Chillicothe. — Rev. E. E. Lewis, of Little Rock University, Arkansas, son of Rev. J. W. Lewis, preached an excellent sermon, Aug. 26, to a very large congregation. He is a very scholarly and promising young man.

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— We are assured that there was never better order, more quiet, or a deeper religion feeling manifested than at the late meeting. A Methodist minister's daughter was there.

— It is said that a little short of a fracture of the skull will enable a Scotchman to take in a joke. Some of our readers seem almost equally obtuse as to sarcasm. In a short note, which it really seems impossible for any one to misapprehend, referring to a late brutal exhibition of physical force in New York, "an Irish bruiser of Boston, we say, with an exclamation point at its close, that 'Boston has occasion to be proud of her popular — the great bruiser, J. L. Sullivan!' and then go on to characterize his act and the scene in New York as more disgraceful than Spanish bull-fights. To our amazement, a subscriber sends in a serious protestation against a religious paper being proud of such an act; and hardly knows what the world is coming to when Zion's Herald glorifies such a performance! Dear friend, you evidently read the first sentence and then "went off at half cock." Zion's Herald is all right; it does not reckon Sullivan as among its subscribers; it even denounces the city authorities and the trustees of the Mechanics' Association building, in a previous paper, for licensing and opening that great hall for an exhibition of his ability to "punish," in an exhibition of his brute force, his opponents. It is a good plan when one reads a surprising sentence in a familiar paper to examine it, and what follows, somewhat carefully. It may prove a relief to the reader of correct Minutes arrive?

S. F. CHASE.

A CORRECTION.

EDITOR ZION'S HERALD: As a constant reader of your paper, which has seemed to me among the foremost in respect to fair and kind dealing with Christians not of its own fold, I was somewhat pained to see in your issue of Aug. 29 an article on "Wesley and Swedenborg," by Rev. D. S. Coles. Mr. Coles seems to me to be justly indignant at the remark of Swedenborg's biographer White that, had Wesley met with Swedenborg, the course of Methodism might have been different. Such a remark appears to me wholly indefensible.

But Mr. Coles then proceeds to consider that portion of Swedenborg's work on "Conjugal Love," which treats of the greater and lesser violations of true marriage, and he gives a view of

the teaching which is unintentionally unjust. The Lord's law of judgment, "By their fruits ye shall know them," would have guided Mr. Coles to a different conclusion, and it is the only safe rule. If Swedenborg's teachings are worse than those of the Mormons, as Mr. C. remarks, it would follow that the practices of our people must be worse, but I have never heard of any allegation of this sort laid against them, who understand Swedenborg's work and words very differently from Mr. Coles. They read as the general law (No. 71): "This love, considered in its origin and its correspondence, is heavenly, spiritual, holy, pure and clean, above every love which is with the angels of heaven and the men of the church; and these attributes cannot be joined to the Lord, and from the Lord associated with the angels of heaven; for these shun extra conjugal loves, which are conjunctions with others than their own consorts, as the loss of the soul and the lakes of hell; and in proportion as a consort shuns such conjunctions, even as to lusts of the will and purposes therefrom, so far love truly conjugal is purified with them, and becomes successively spiritual, first while they live on earth, and afterwards in heaven."

T. F. WRIGHT.  
Editor *New Jerusalem Magazine*.

### The Churches.

#### MASSACHUSETTS.

##### NEW ENGLAND CONFERENCE.

BOSTON, Temple Street. — REV. A. J. Clifford, of East Maine Conference, occupied the pulpit, Aug. 19, much to the pleasure and profit of the people. He is a preacher and an excellent pastor.

SOMERVILLE, Union Square. — Thirty-eight were received in full membership and five baptized last Sunday.

NAHANT. — The ladies' fair held week before last was a grand success, and together with the jug-breaking, netted the society about \$350, thus enabling them to pay the entire debt incurred in repairing, re-carpeting and painting their church.

WOBURN. — Eight were on a recent Sabbath received on probation and two in full. The month of July averaged a larger attendance than at any former fair.

MARBLEHEAD. — Active preparations are being made to celebrate their jubilee Sept. 11 next by this society. It will be a special season of rejoicing over emancipation from debt, for which Pastor Candlin has labored with heroic zeal and triumphant success. All former pastors and members are specially desired and hereby requested to be present. Social reunion with addresses side by side since that time. She was converted in 1876 at Dover, under the labors of Rev. Fred. E. White, of Epping, N. H., which occurred at the home of her brother in Tuftonboro, where she was visiting. Sister White had been in delicate health for some time, and her death was not unexpected. This is a sore affliction to Bro. White, for she was to him a helpmeet indeed. They were married six years ago and have worked faithfully side by side since that time. She was converted in 1876 at Dover, under the labors of Rev. Fred. E. White, of Epping, N. 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## The Family.

AFTER JEHOVAB JIREH.

BY MARY E. B. THORNE.

**Sarah** (at the tent door). "Mine eyes are glad, my husband, once again thy face to see. As over the verdurous sloping hills thou com'st again to me! But where is he, my little bird, my rose, my heart's delight? I long to clasp him in mine arms, to kiss his fair, white braw; The days have been so lonely and so drear the sombre night. While ye were gone! I pray you, then, bring me my darling now."

**Abraham.** "Patience, dear wife, you'll know but hides him from thy sight; He lingers but an instant there to gatherilles white And fragrant roses; he would fain to thee a garland bring; Soon thou shalt hold him in thine arms, receive his warm caress, List to the music of his voice sweet as when ring-doves sing, And gazing fondly in his eyes thy well-loved Isaac blesses."

**Sarah.** "My lord, forgive that for a moment's space a mother's love! Her anxious heart has over-filled all other thoughts above; Iarry here, not bid thee come and rest thy burning brow Within our cool tent, shaded by thine oak grove's arches wide, And then thy weary limbs refresh with water's limpid flow. Thy heart with luscious fruits. E'en now my birdling I have spied! Come thou within, my husband, but forgive; I cannot rest Till I have run to meet my boy, and to my bosom pressed! My years can be but few, thou know'st, and an eternity Each moment seems, that separates my winsome dove from me!" \*

**Sarah** (later). "Beyond the far horizon's rise the monarch of the day Has sunk to rest; a cooling breeze floats o'er the heated brow. His prattle bushed, our weary boy to sleep has laid him now, While we in peace commune beneath the solemn star-light's ray. Now I would learn — if thou wilt tell — the story of the days Since thou with tender eye didst last upon my kindly gaze; Since at thy altar thou didst kneel in trust for fervent prayer, With confidence committing me to thy God's watchful care. Methought, my lord, upon thy brow a shivering shadow lay; Was it sorrow, love, to be from thy home far away?"

**Abraham.**

"Peace brooks, dear wife, on Canaan's hills, and on Philistia's plains, And in my soul a soothsome peace, a calm celestial reign; And such deep joy and thankfulness my tongue can never tell; And yet a sorrow, strange and sad, that caught e'er dipset.

I went, thou know'st, to sacrifice among far Salem's hills; A little kid skipped by my side; even now my spirit thrills As I recall the heaviness that then lay upon me, As now he clasped his hand in mine, now danced in childish glee; I thought of thee, for long as I our humble tent deserved, With yearning heart and eyes I marked thy form the door beside.

When I return alone, I cried, 'my Sarah's agony What shall assuage? Yet, Lord of life, still would I trust in Thee!'

"We journeyed on; the third day when the glorious morning broke, And flushed the sky with beauty, and the earth to new life woke, I looked, and lo! I saw before the billowy hills lie (In peaceful beauty outlined 'gainst the golden, glowing sky), And just beyond the highest point I knew a lower lay, Where I must build the altar and the sacrifice must stay. Leaving the youths and camels there, with Isaac's hand in mine I slowly climbed the stony steep until the clear-cut line.

Of Salem's rock-hewn fortress rose sublime upon my view. As thus we passed along 'mid shrubs and grasses gemmed with dew, While joyous birds Jehovah's praise chanted from every bough,

Rounding the towering castle hill, we reached Moriah's brou. 'Twere here within a little grove I laid the wood, In my boughs I offered up to blest Je-

ovah's name. Jehovah Jireh! Gracious God! His name is glorified, That for my need an offering, a ransom, did provide!

"By sunset we had reached the cave where we should lodge that night. The weary boy soon fell asleep; I gazed out on the light Of yonder stars; yon moon above the mountain's broken crest Where we had sacrificed that day, a holy flame did rest

(Symbol of God's acceptance of the sacrifice there given). Then slowly, like a fair, white dove, rose up the purple heaven.

"Then I, too, slept. At midnight calm a radiant angel form Beside me stood! 'Arise,' said he; 'nay, there is no alarm, But come with me, thou shalt behold God's marvelous designs For thee and thy race; for He so wonderfully combines His mercy and His justice that the universe is in awe.'

Both gazed and marvel at His love and at His perfect law!

He stepped aside, and I beheld the cave lit with the ray

Which emanated from the brow of newborn babe, that lay Within his pale young mother's arms.

'This is the Lamb,' said he.

Now come and for thyself behold what He hath done for thee.'

Then swifter than an angel's flight two leagues we crossed, and stood Where I that day 'neath sheltering grove had laid the stone and wood; But now, ah! the altar and the grove were swept away,

And on the spot uprose upon the midnight gray

A heavy cross of wood, outstretched on which I dimly saw

A sight which shook my immost soul with wonder, grief and awe.

Again the angel whispered, 'Here behold the Master, who is the Lamb of God.'

And suffering there the sinless Lamb, atoning sacrifice!

Truly, God gives His Son, and He is freely given.

To suffer pang unspeakable, that you may enter heaven.'

Then countless thongs broke forth and sang, 'Now God is glorified, For man's redemption He alone the ransom will provide!'

He God-sent vision faded. Again in peace I lay

Beside my boy. My thankful soul kept vigil till the day.

At morning, as upon our homeward way we slowly passed,

I kept in mind these gracious thoughts, and my Redeemer blessed."

### LITTLE TALKS WITH CHRISTIANS.

Burdens.

BY MYRA A. GOODWIN.

In Bunyan's beautiful inspired dream, Christian starts on his way to the heavenly city weighed to the earth with a heavy burden. He toils through the "wicked gate," and not till he reaches the open sepulchre at the foot of the cross does the weary load fall off. Notice it falls off, and though you see Christian asleep on the way, trembling before lions and fighting Apollyon, you never see him bowed to the earth with a burden again. Alas for the modern Christian! Did not God promise that His yoke was easy and His burden was light? And then for fear the light burden would be too much, though he had been praying and longing for a revival of interest among Christians, as well as for the conversion of some who had long been on



